

HERGÉ

THE ADVENTURES OF

TINTIN

*

KING OTTOKAR'S SCEPTRE

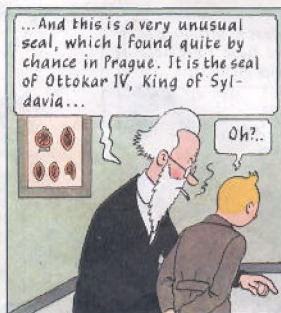
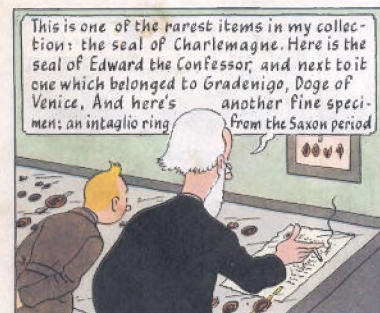
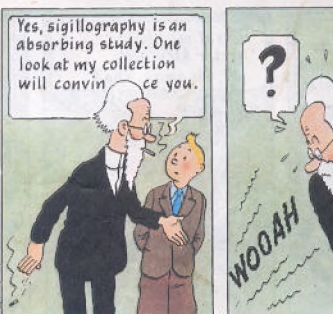
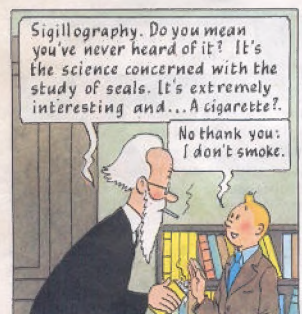
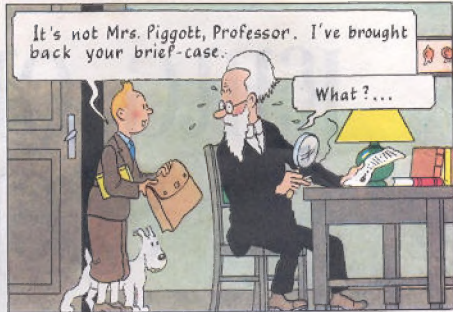
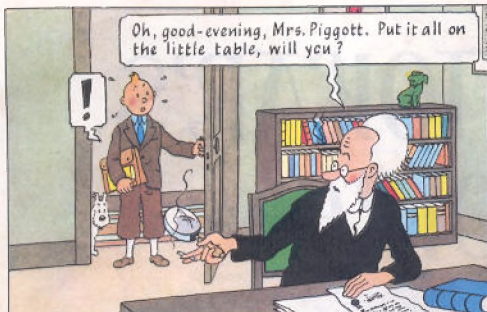


MAGNET



KING OTTOKAR'S SCEPTRE





It is one of the few seals we know of from that country. But there must be others, and I am going to Syldavia to study the problem on the spot.

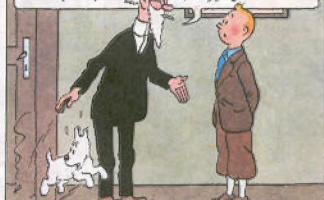


The Syldavian Ambassador, an old friend of mine, has promised to give me letters of introduction. I hope I shall be allowed to go through the historic national archives. A cigarette?...



No, thank you... And when are you leaving?

As soon as I have found a secretary. At least, rather more than a secretary; I really need someone to take care of all the details of my journey, like hotels, passports, luggage and soon.

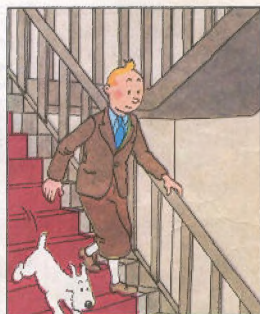


But I see that you have become interested in sigillography too. Let me have your name and address and I will send you my booklet: 'How to become a sigillographer.'

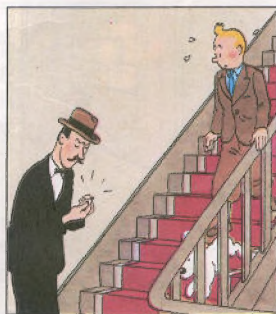
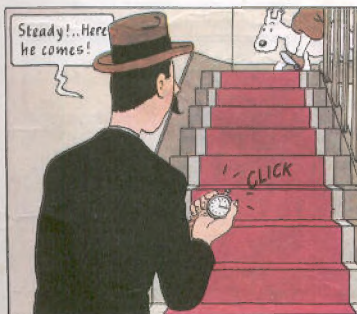


How very kind of you...

He's going... Quick, meet him on the stairs...



Steady!... Here he comes!



That's a funny place to put a watch right...



Got it!... Wonderful, the way a miniature camera can be hidden in a watch...



Here!...

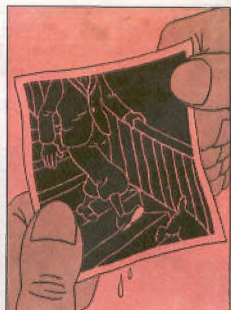
We'll develop the picture right away.

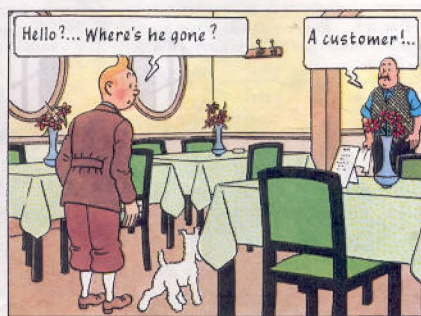
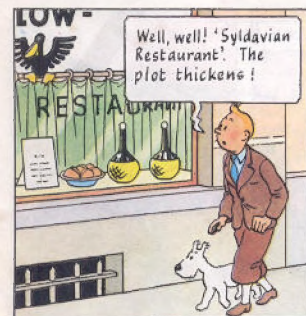
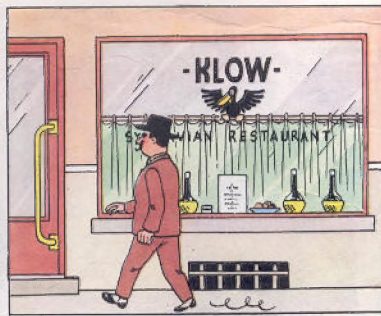
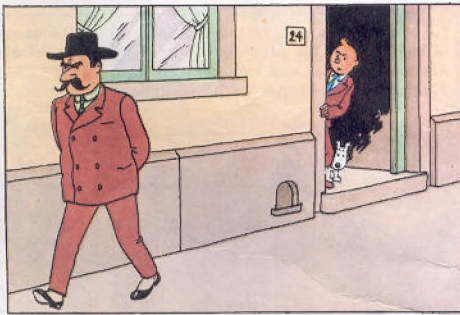
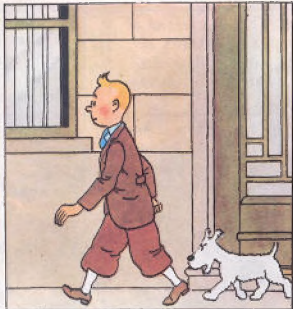
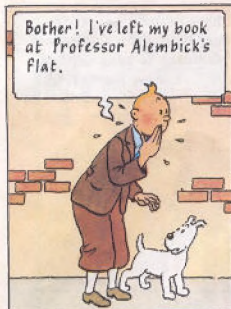


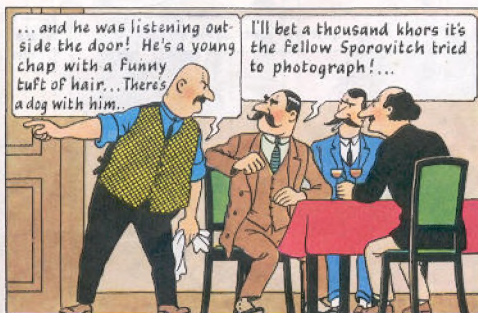
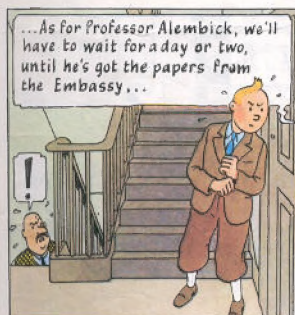
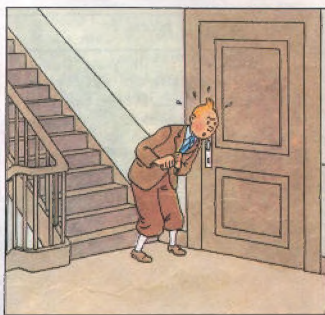
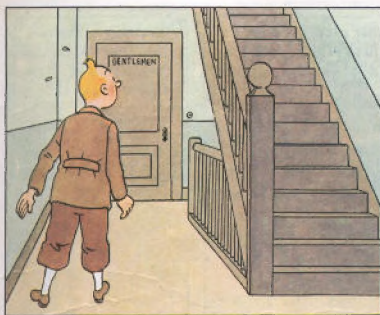
Is it O.K.?

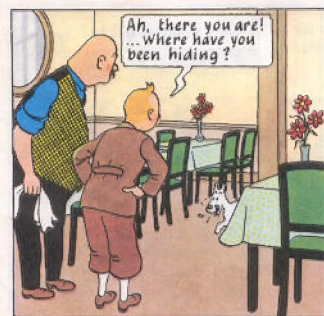
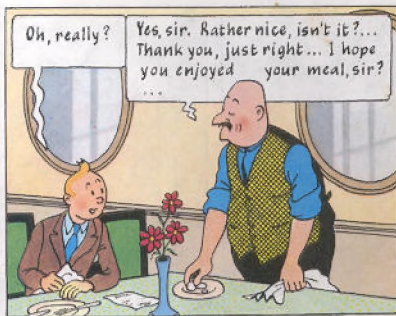
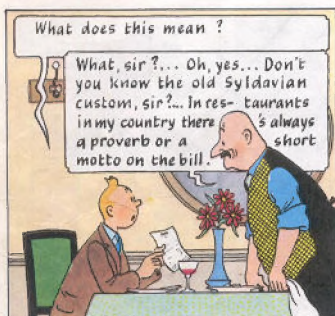
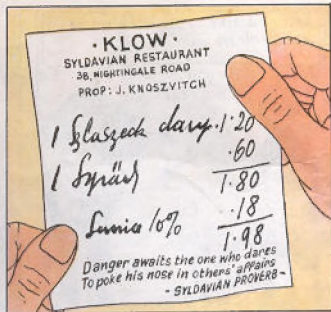
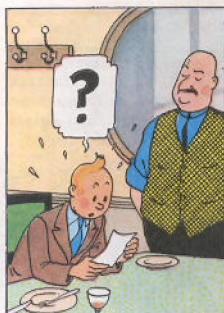
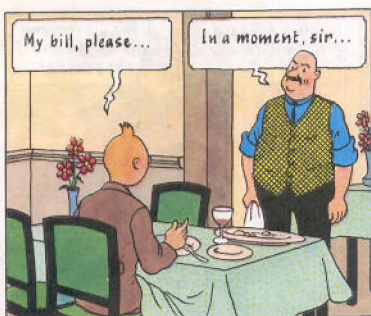


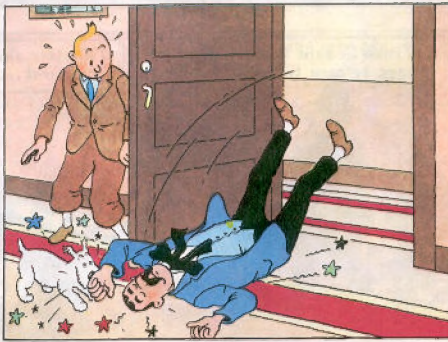
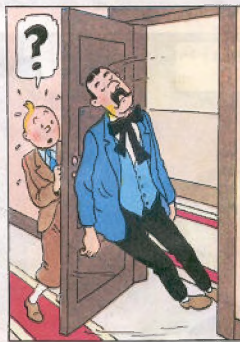
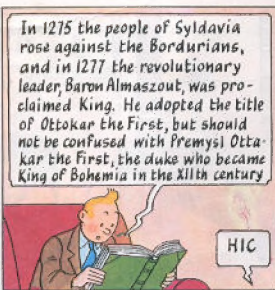
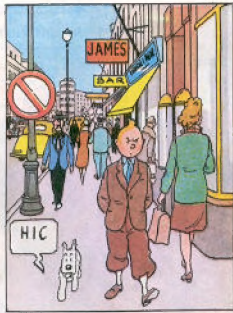
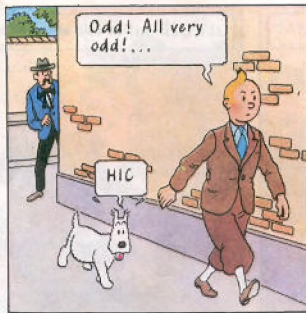
!?

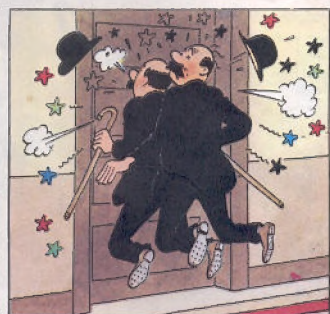
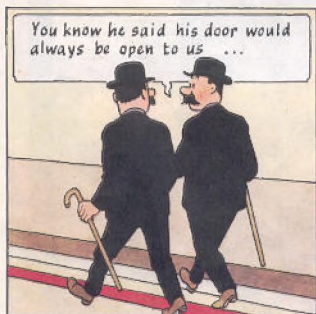
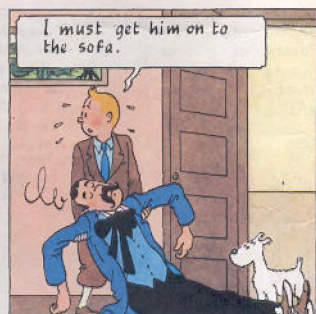
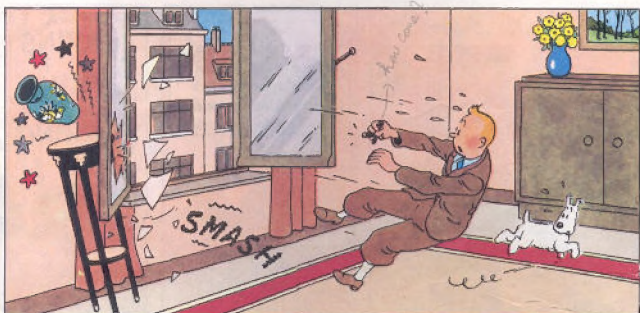
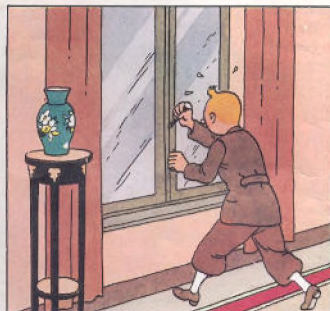


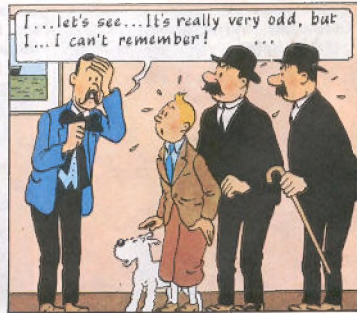
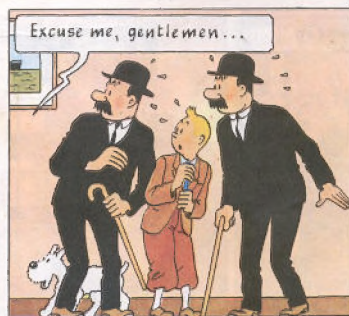


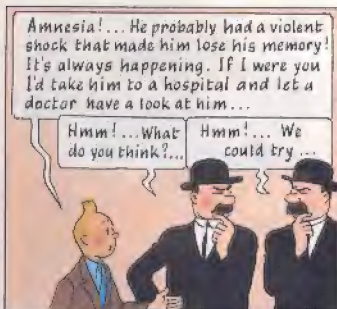


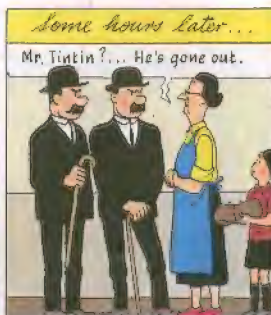
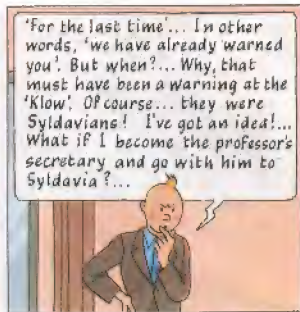
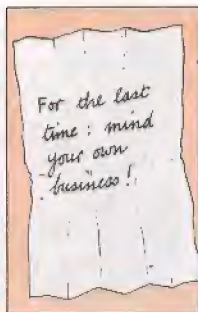


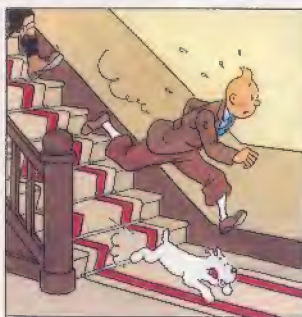
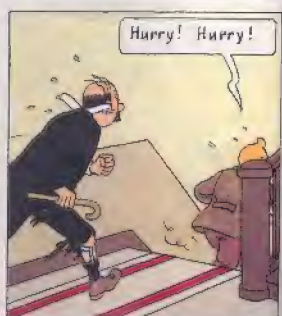
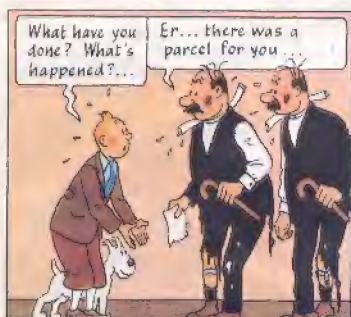
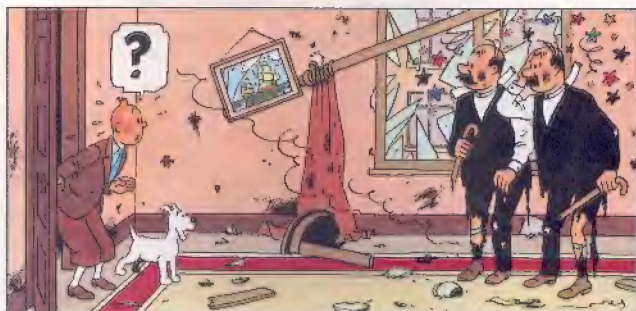


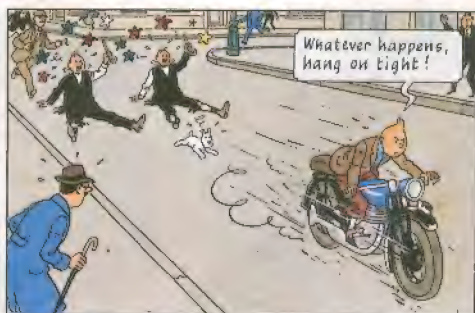
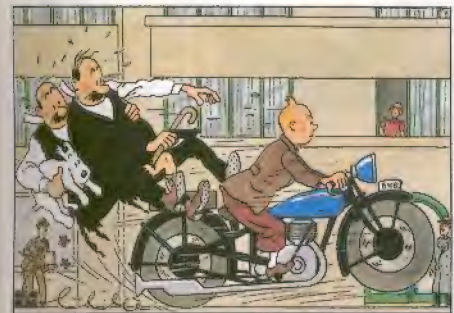






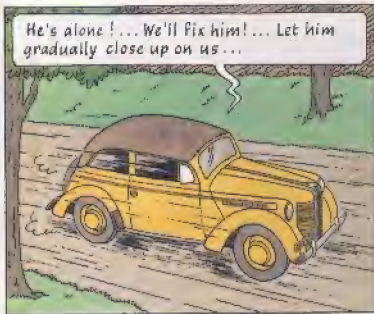




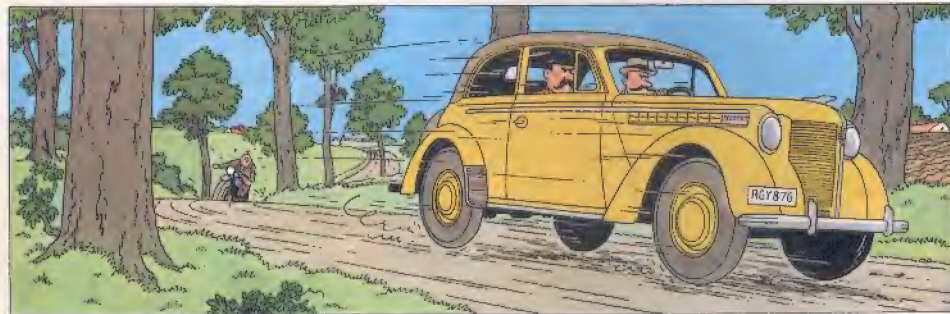
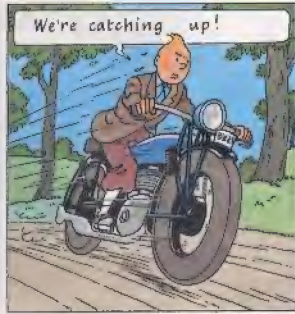




He's alone !... We'll fix him! ... Let him gradually close up on us ...



We're catching up!

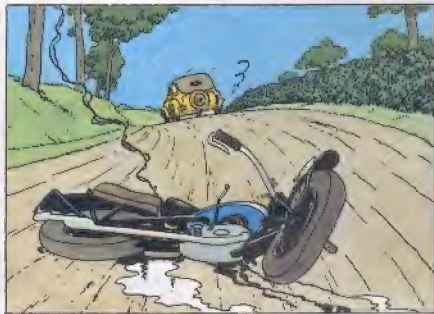
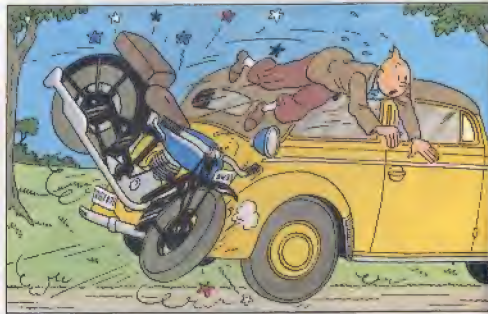
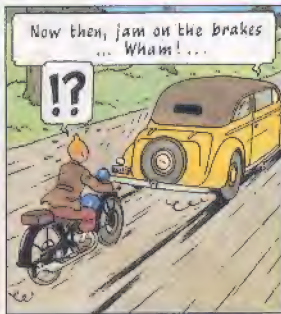


Now we've got 'em! ...



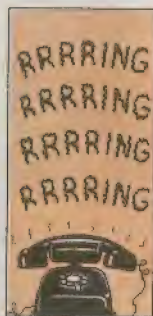
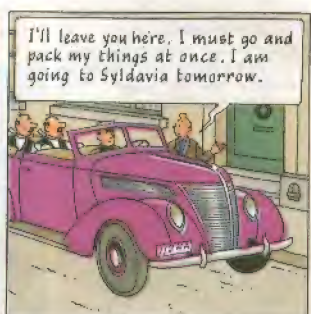
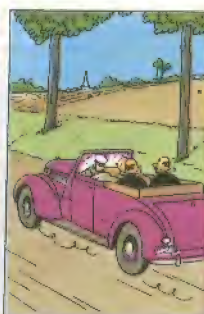
Now then, jam on the brakes ... Wham! ...

!?



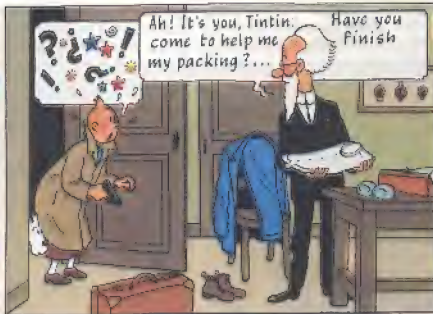
This time I think we've really shaken him off for good.







I only hope I'm not too late!...



? ! * ~

Ah! It's you, Tintin. Come to help me with my packing?...

Have you finished

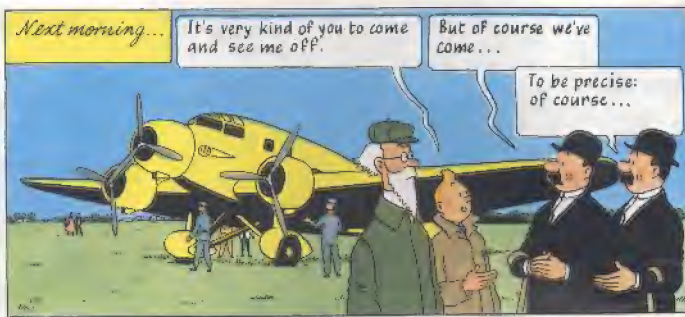


I... I'm sorry, but I don't understand!... I thought I heard you cry out and shout for help... So I rushed straight round...

We shouting for help? I'm afraid I don't know what you're talking about.



But it's extraordinary!... I can't have been dreaming!... I quite definitely heard shouts for help...

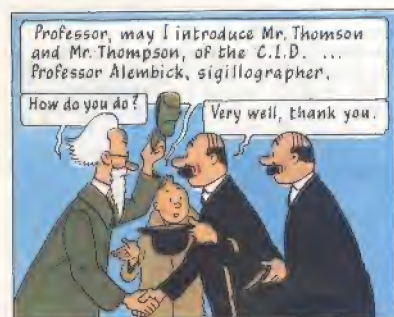


Next morning...

It's very kind of you to come and see me off.

But of course we've come...

To be precise: of course...



Professor, may I introduce Mr. Thomson and Mr. Thompson, of the C.I.D. ... Professor Alembick, sigillographer.

How do you do?

Very well, thank you.

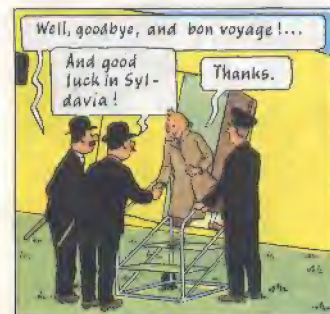


Oh, you've got new hats?

Yes, aren't they smart?... Pure English felt, extra-light: only £3.95. Wonderful bargain!



All passengers for Prague, this way please...



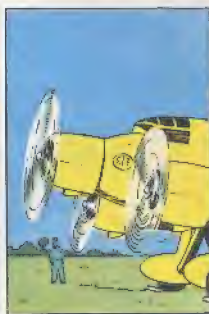
Well, goodbye, and bon voyage!...

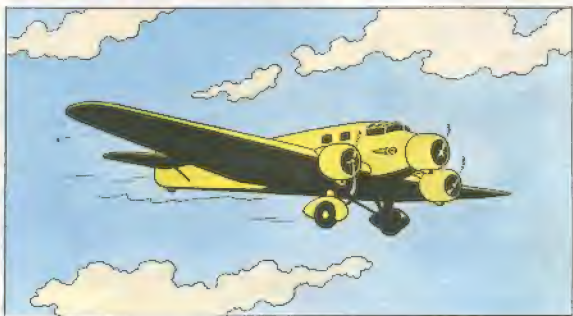
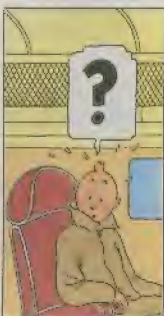
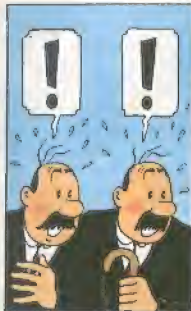
And good luck in Syl-davia!

Thanks.



Compression! Petrol on! Contact!







Aha!...

Here's some good news... The Syldivian government has put a special aircraft at our disposal. Look...

Professor Alembick, passenger aboard aircraft No. 573 00-AGE. Frankfurt Airport. Special plane for Klow will meet you at Prague. Stop. Best wishes!... It's signed Scholzitch, Air Minister...



Sweets... Sandwiches... Chocolates... Cigarettes...

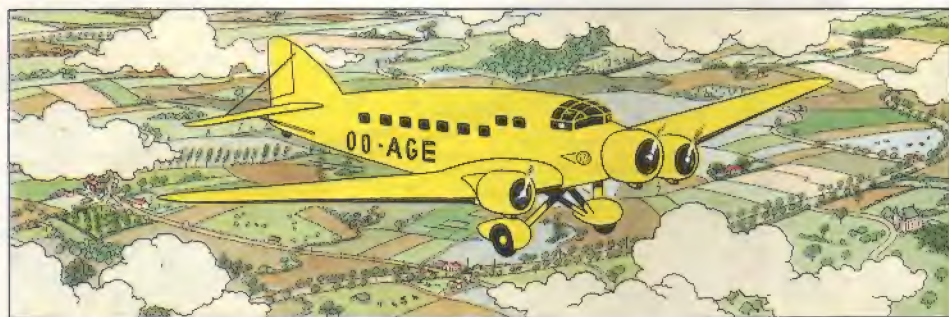
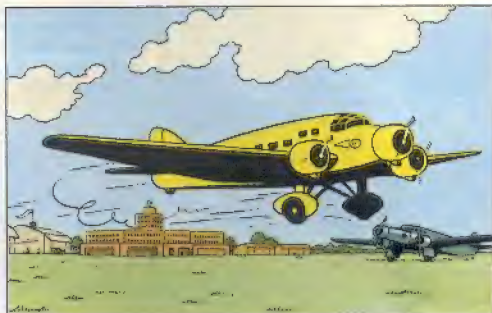


I think they're calling us...

?



All passengers for Prague, please take your seats in the aircraft...



It's really very odd...



Oh, well, let's forget it and look at this brochure...



SYLDIVIA
KINGDOM OF THE
BLACK
PELICAN

SYLDAVIA

THE KINGDOM OF THE BLACK PELICAN

AMONG the many enchanting places which deservedly attract foreign visitors with a love for picturesque ceremony and colourful folklore, there is one small country which, although relatively unknown, surpasses many others in interest. Isolated until modern times because of its inaccessible position, this country is now served by a regular air-line network, which brings it within the reach of all who love unspoiled beauty, the proverbial hospitality of a peasant people, and the charm of medieval customs which still survive despite the march of progress.

This is Sylðavia.

Sylðavia is a small country in Eastern Europe, comprising two great valleys: those of the river Vladir, and its tributary, the Moltus. The rivers meet at Klow, the capital (122,000 inhabitants). These valleys are flanked by wide plateaux covered with forests, and are surrounded by high, snow-capped mountains. In the fertile Sylðavian plains are corn-lands and cattle pastures. The subsoil is rich in minerals of all kinds.

Numerous thermal and sulphur springs gush from the earth, the chief centres being at Klow (cardiac diseases) and Kragoniedin (rheumatic complaints).

The total population is estimated to be 642,000 inhabitants.

Sylðavia exports wheat, mineral-water from Klow, firewood, horses and violinists.

HISTORY OF SYLDAVIA

Until the Vth century, Sylðavia was inhabited by nomadic tribes of unknown origin.

Overrun by the Slavs in the VIth century, the country was conquered in the XIth century by the Turks, who drove the Slavs into the mountains and occupied the plains.

In 1127, Hveghi, leader of a Slav tribe, swooped down from the mountains at the head of a band of partisans and fell upon isolated Turkish villages, putting all who resisted him to the sword. Thus he rapidly became master of a large part of Sylðavian territory.

A great battle took place in the valley of the Moltus near Zileheroum, the Turkish capital of Sylðavia, between the Turkish army and Hveghi's irregulars.

Enfeebled by long inactivity and badly led by incompetent officers, the Turkish army put up little resistance and fled in disorder.

Having vanquished the Turks, Hveghi was elected king, and given the name Muskar, that is, The Brave (Muskh: 'brave' and Kar: 'king').

The capital, Zileheroum, was renamed Klow, that is, Freetown, (Kloho: 'to free', and Ow: 'town').



Guard at the Royal Treasure House, Klow



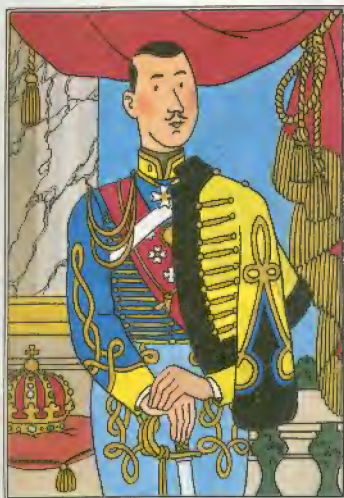
A typical fisherman from Dhrnouk
(south coast of Sylðavia)



◀ Sylðavian peasant
on her way to market



A view of Niedzdzrow,
in the Vladir valley ▶



H.M. King Muskar XII, the present ruler of Syldavia in the uniform of Colonel of the Guards

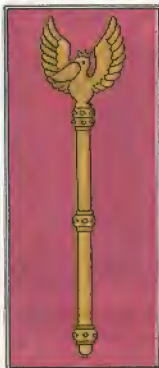
struck him a blow on the head with the sceptre, laying him low and at the same time crying in Syldavian: 'Eih bennek, eih blaek!', which can be said to mean: 'If you gather thistles, expect prickles'. And turning to his astonished court he said: 'Hont soit qui mal y pense!'

Then, gazing intently at his sceptre, he addressed it in the following words: 'O Sceptre, thou hast saved my life. Be henceforward the true symbol of Syldavian Kingship. Woe to the king who loses thee, for I declare that such a man shall be unworthy to rule thereafter.'

And from that time, every year on St. Vladimir's Day each successor of Ottokar IV has made a great ceremonial tour of his capital.

He bears in his hand the historic sceptre, without which he would lose the right to rule; as he passes, the people sing the famous anthem:

Syldavians unite!
Praise our King's might:
The Sceptre his right!



Right: The sceptre of Ottokar IV

Below: An illuminated page from 'The Memorable Deeds of Ottokar IV', a XIVth century manuscript

Muskar was a wise king who lived at peace with his neighbours, and the country prospered. He died in 1168, mourned by all his subjects.

His eldest son succeeded to the throne with the title of Muskar II. Unlike his father, Muskar II lacked authority and was unable to keep order in his kingdom. A period of anarchy replaced one of peaceful prosperity.

In the neighbouring state of Borduria the people observed Syldavia's decline, and their king profited by this opportunity to invade the country. Borduria annexed Syldavia in 1195.

For almost a century Syldavia groaned under the foreign yoke. In 1275 Baron Almatzout repeated the exploits of Iueghit by coming down from the hills and routing the Bordurians in less than six months.

He was proclaimed King in 1277, taking the name of Ottokar. He was, however, much less powerful than Muskar.

The barons who had helped him in the campaign against the Bordurians forced him to grant them a charter, based on the English Magna Carta signed by King John (Lackland). This marked the beginning of the feudal system in Syldavia. Ottokar I of Syldavia should not be confused with the Ottokars (Přemysls) who were Dukes, and later Kings, of Bohemia.

This period was noteworthy for the rise in power of the nobles, who fortified their castles and maintained bands of armed mercenaries, strong enough to oppose the King's forces.

But the true founder of the kingdom of Syldavia was Ottokar IV, who ascended the throne in 1370.

From the time of his accession he initiated widespread reforms. He raised a powerful army and subdued the arrogant nobles, confiscating their wealth.

He fostered the advancement of the arts, of letters, commerce and agriculture.

He united the whole nation and gave it that security, both at home and abroad, so necessary for the renewal of prosperity.

It was he who pronounced those famous words: 'Eih bennek, eih blaek!', which have become the motto of Syldavia.

The origin of this saying is as follows:

One day Baron Staszvich, son of one of the dispossessed nobles whose lands had been forfeited to the crown, came before the sovereign and recklessly claimed the throne of Syldavia.

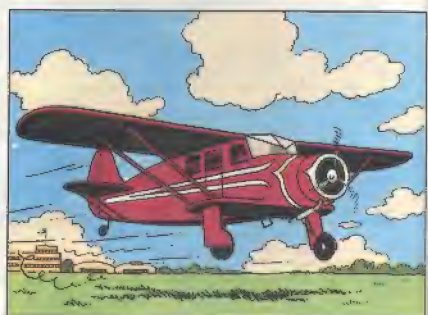
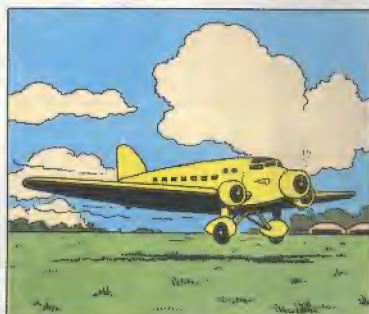
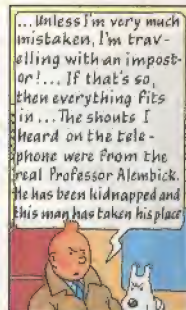
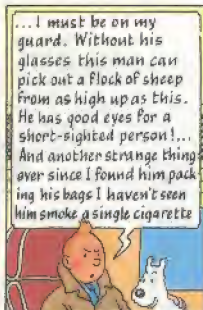
The King listened in silence, but when the presumptuous baron's speech ended with a demand that he deliver up his sceptre, the King rose and cried fiercely: 'Come and get it!'

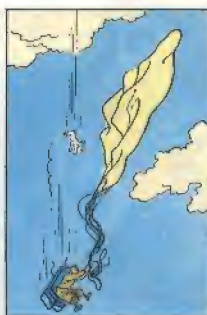
Mad with rage, the young baron drew his sword, and before the retainers could intervene, fell upon the King.

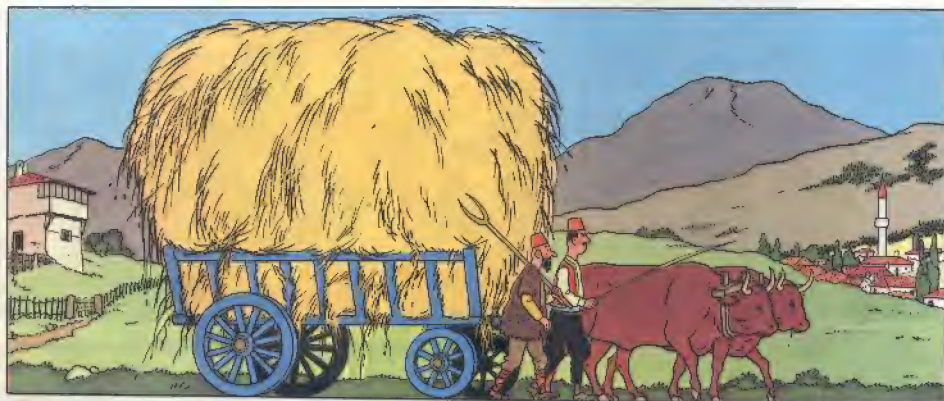
The King stepped swiftly aside, and as his adversary passed him, carried forward by the impetus of his charge, Ottokar



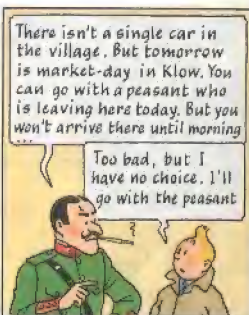
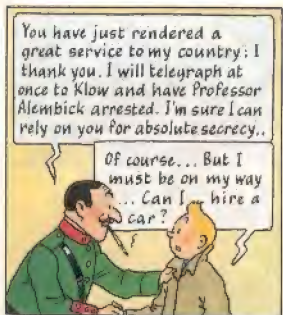
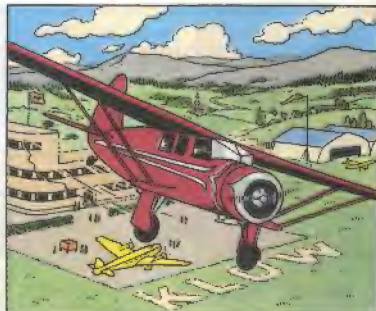
Dir Ottokar
Dus pollez
ez koniksz
dan fronn ezt pho
mā Őzeillā ezai-
dā ön esteár alpu
Kömmetz pakkeli
o lapzáda kóniksz
idő o alpu kőppz-
staszvichekz erom
szübel ő. Dázsviek
tálta őgy o cáro.

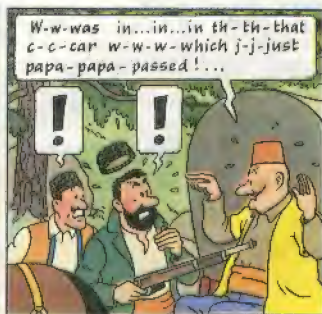
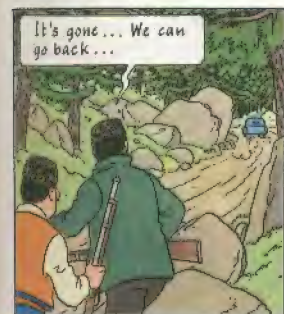
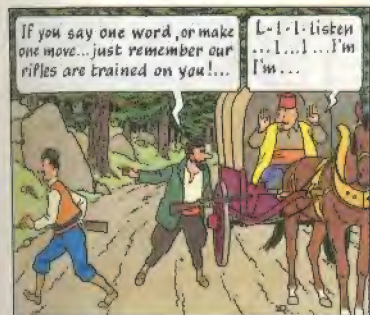
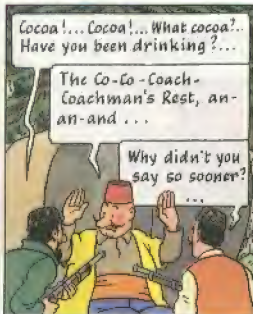
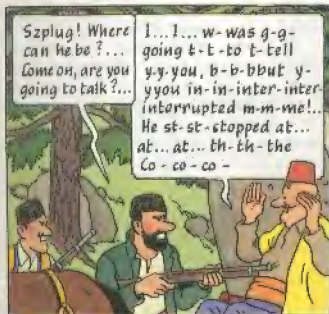


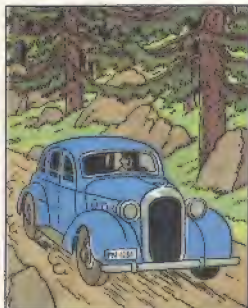






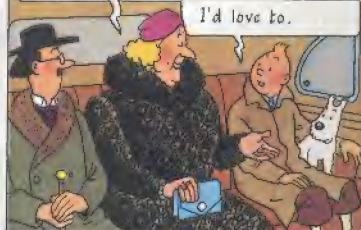




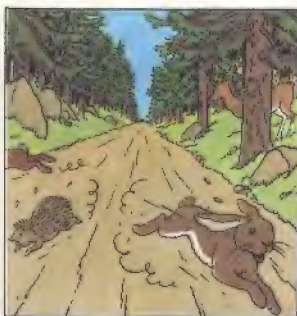


Yes, I am singing tonight at the Winter Garden in Klow... Would you like to hear me now?...

I'd love to.



Ah, my beauty past compare: these jewels bright I wear!...



Was I ever Margari-i-ka?

It's lucky the windows are strong!



Hello?... Yes, this is Wizskitotz... Ah, it's you Sirv... Well?... What?... Szplug! ...So it's not your fault?... Perhaps you think it's mine, eh?... What?... If he hadn't stuttered so?... IF!... IF!... You can get round anything with 'IF'!... I'll telephone to the Chief of Police at Zlip... Yes, he's one of us... He'll stop him on the road.



Well, how did you like that?...

V-very much indeed!...



In that case, just to please you I'll sing something else!



Where is the boy who is travelling with you?

He got out earlier on. He'd forgotten something at the Coachman's Rest, so he went back...

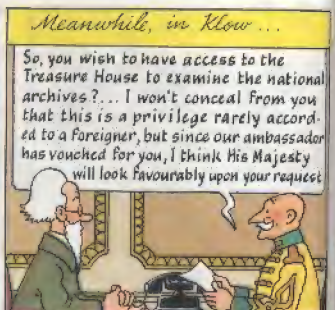


I would have given any excuse to escape!



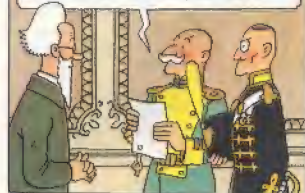
Meanwhile, in Klow...

So, you wish to have access to the Treasure House to examine the national archives?... I won't conceal from you that this is a privilege rarely accorded to a foreigner, but since our ambassador has vouched for you, I think His Majesty will look favourably upon your request.



Next day...

This document bearing the royal signature will admit you to the Treasure Chamber. Lieutenant Kromir will escort you there...



The regalia is housed in the Keep of Kropow Castle. A special guard is mounted over it.



In the name of the King!

Professor, please come with me.

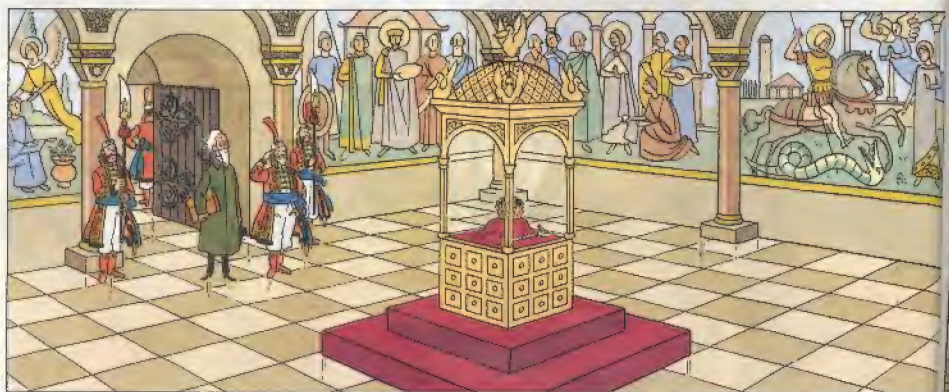


The regalia seems well guarded!

It is! The man who is clever enough to steal it hasn't been born!



There is His Majesty's regalia, Professor!...



And this is the Muniments Room, which adjoins the Treasure Chamber. You must forgive me, but two guards will remain with you for as long as you are here. The doors will also be locked from the outside. Those are the orders. I hope you will not be offended.

Not in the least...



Meanwhile...

You are to take this young man to Klow. But be careful!... He is a dangerous ruffian who has been meddling in State secrets... In fact, I've been given to understand, on high authority, that it'd be a good thing if he never arrived in Klow.



These are your orders... You, as the driver, will stage a breakdown. You will get out to look at the engine, and the others will follow... The prisoner will then try to escape and... You understand me?

Yes, sir!... But what if he doesn't try to get away?



Don't worry!... He will!...



I wonder who can have sent me this?... A Friend?... What Friend?...



BEWARE!
YOU ARE GOING TO BE TAKEN
TO KLOW TO BE SHOT!
YOU MUST TRY TO ESCAPE.
ON THE JOURNEY, PRETEND
TO BE ASLEEP. THE DRIVER,
WHO IS A FRIEND, WILL
STAGE A BREAKDOWN AND
CALL THE OTHER GUARDS
AWAY. THAT WILL BE THE
MOMENT FOR YOU TO MAKE
YOUR ESCAPE.

A FRIEND

We'd better get rid of this, in case I'm searched.

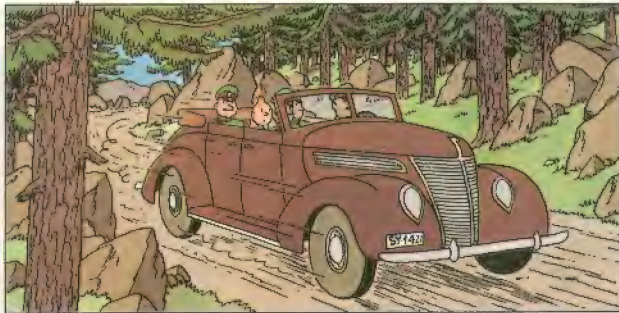


Here, Snowy, swallow this paper pellet for me...



Hurry up now, Snowy. I think someone is coming for us...

I suppose you think it's easy?





Why have you stopped?...

It's the engine...



Let's have a look... Oh, it's all right: he's asleep...



Look out, he's moving!
...He's getting out...
Get ready...



A trap!... I'm done for!

There he goes!... Don't miss!...



There's only one way:
a nose-dive!... Whoops!

BANG
BANG
BANG



BANG



It's no good, hold your fire!... He's disappeared behind the boulders!
...He must have broken his neck...
but we'd better look for him...



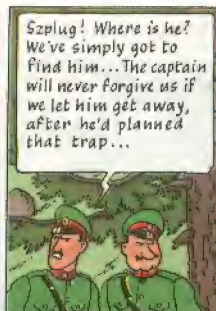


He fell down there
... Somewhere be-
hind those rocks...

They're
coming!...



Careful! About
here...



Szplug! Where is he?
We've simply got to
find him... The captain
will never forgive us if
we let him get away,
after he'd planned
that trap...



Come on, let's have another look.
He can't be far away...



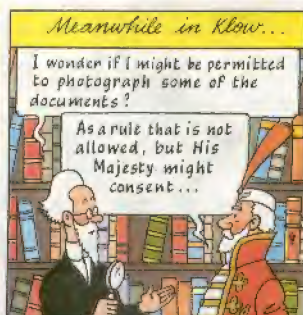
Whew!...
They've passed
us...



Now, off we go
to Klow!...



I must watch my step!... I see
that no one can be trusted!...
I must warn the King himself.



Meanwhile in Klow...

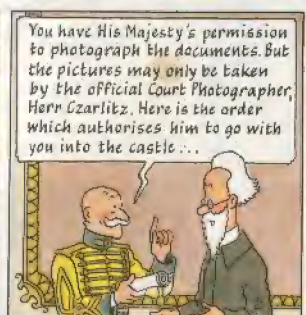
I wonder if I might be permitted
to photograph some of the
documents?

As a rule that is not
allowed, but His
Majesty might
consent...



Ah! Here's the main road
again.

Golly, I'm
hungry...



You have His Majesty's permission
to photograph the documents. But
the pictures may only be taken
by the official Court Photographer,
Herr Czarlitz. Here is the order
which authorises him to go with
you into the castle...



Klow at last!...

When are
we going
to eat?



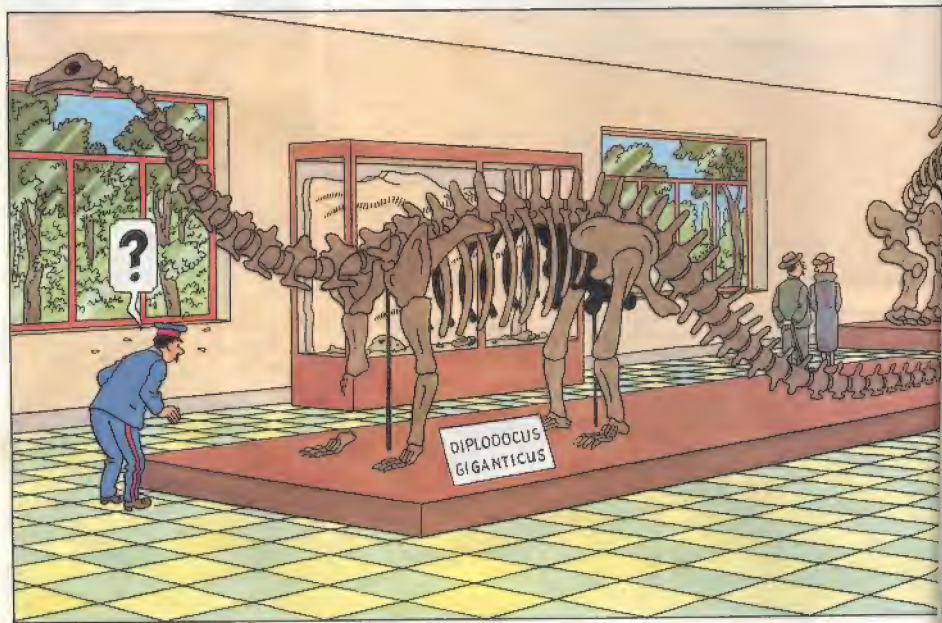
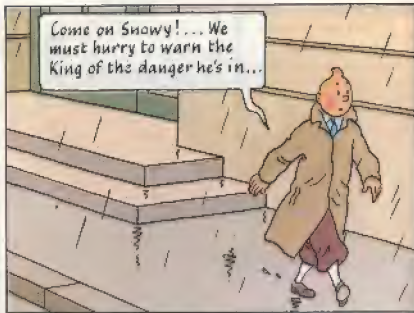
Which way
to the pal-
ace, please?

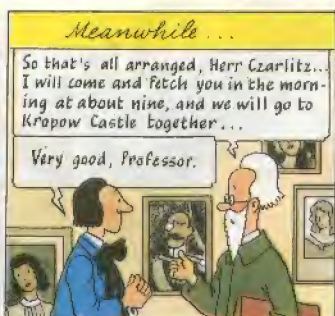
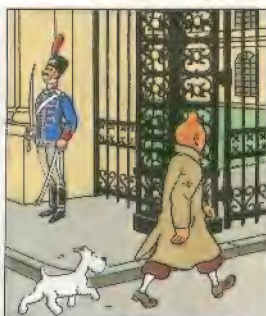
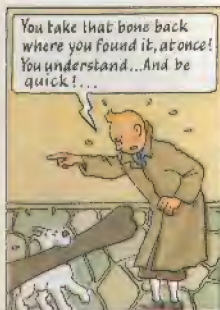
Follow this street
to Ottokar Square,
then turn left...

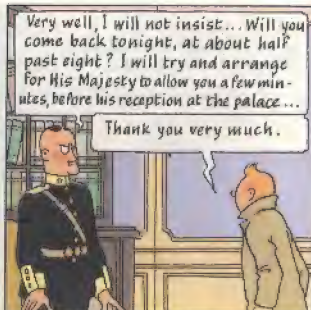
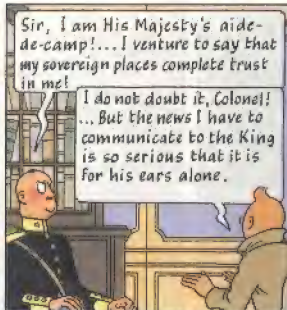
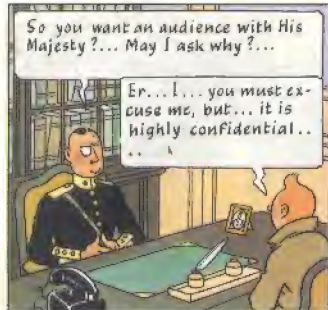


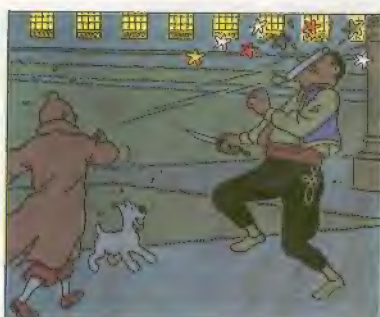
What a downpour! We'll
shelter until this is
over...

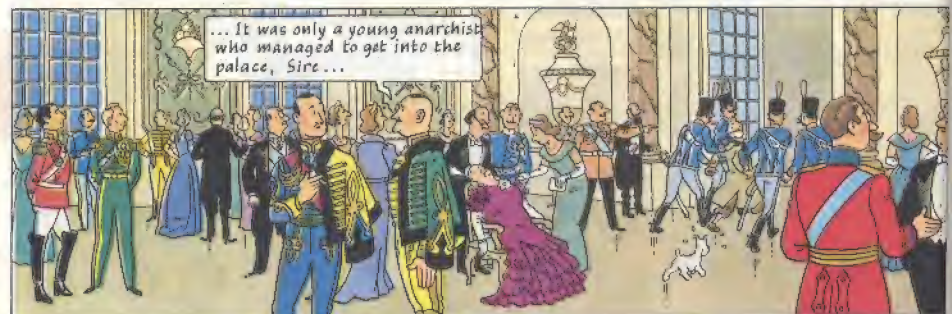
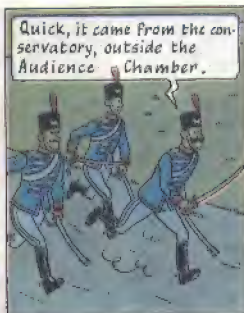
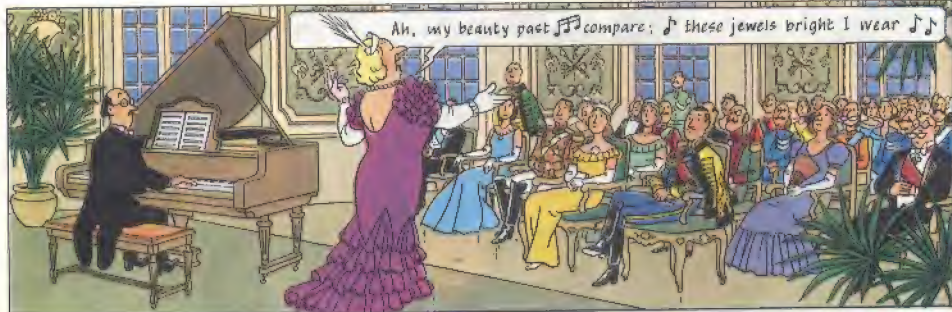
Is this a
restaurant?









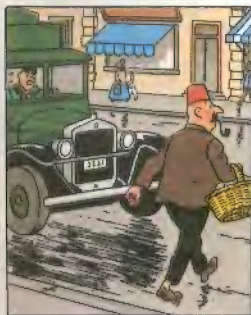
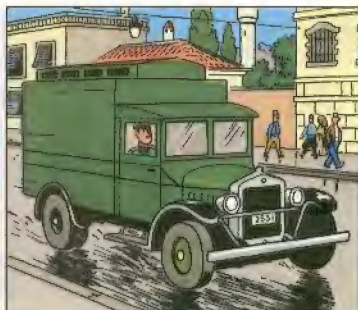


Next morning...

More time wasted!...
And I'm sure the
conspirators won't
be wasting theirs!

CLINK
CLINK
CLINK

You are being trans-
ferred to the State
Prison to await trial.
Come with us. The police
van is outside...



Hello, this is
St. Vladimir's
Hospital... An
accident?...
.... Casualties?
In Molbas Street?
... All right, I'll
send an ambulance



This one still hasn't come
round...

Yes, definitely suf-
fering from con-
cussion...



We'd better go back
for the others...



A very useful
thing, concussion
... Come on,
Snowy! Now
or never...



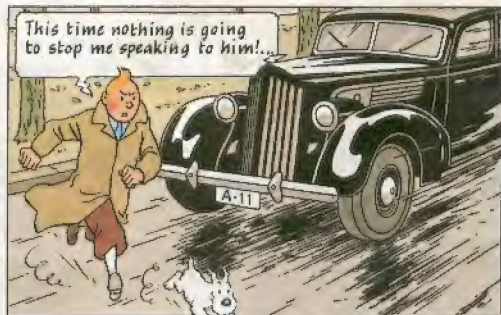
Aha! That's done
the trick!... Now
back to the palace!

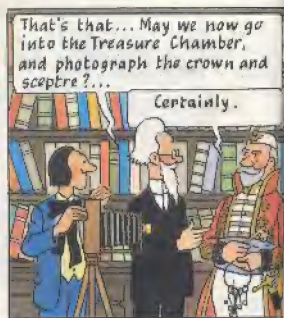
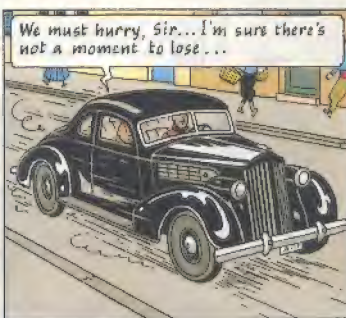
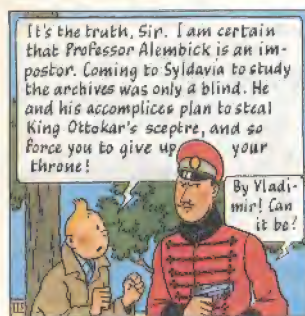
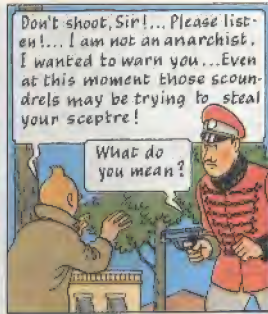
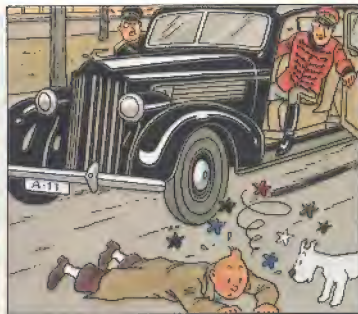


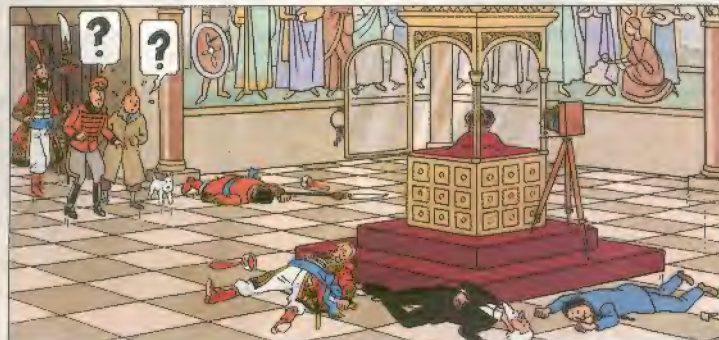
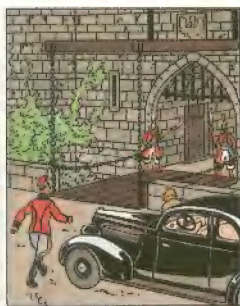
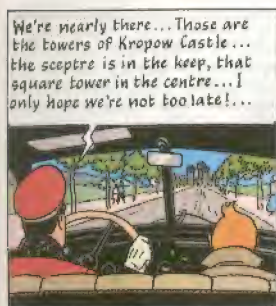
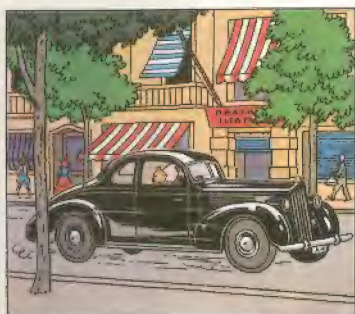
I must see the
King at all costs.



This time nothing is going
to stop me speaking to him!







Next morning

So, Lord Chamberlain, the sceptre has not been recovered yet?...

Alas no, sire... But I have secured the services of two detectives of international repute... expect them any minute now...



THUD

Ah, I think I know who they are.

What's going on?... Go and see.



?

Er... We are the detectives who... Hm... We... we slipped... and

Yes... and we fell down...



Sire, may I present Mr. Thomson and Mr. Thompson, certified detectives...

Welcome to Syldavia, gentlemen

Majesty, your sire is very good... Good Majesty... no, I mean...

To be precise... it's a majesty, Your Pleasure...



We thank you for answering our call so promptly, and for placing your experience at the service of the Crown... This is Mr. Tintin, who will give you all the details of this business...

Tintin! Well I never!



This is the position... Someone has stolen the King's sceptre!... When His Majesty and I entered the Treasure Chamber we found the Governor of the Castle, two of his men, the photographer Czaritz, and Professor Alembick, whom you know. All of them were in a coma, and none of the five came to until this morning...

Have they been questioned?...



Yes, and their statements agree on all points. Herr Czaritz decided to use a flash-bulb. After the flash the room filled with thick smoke. They began to choke, and then passed out...

Good. But... hm... did anyone think of searching these people?...



Of course! Even the guards' halberds were taken to pieces, and the camera tripod, to make sure the sceptre wasn't hidden there. They tapped every inch of the room looking for a secret passage, but found nothing! The only door through which the thief could escape was guarded by two sentries, who saw no one leave...



Your Majesty, this is all childish simple!... With your permission we will go to Kropow Castle and demonstrate how your sceptre was stolen...

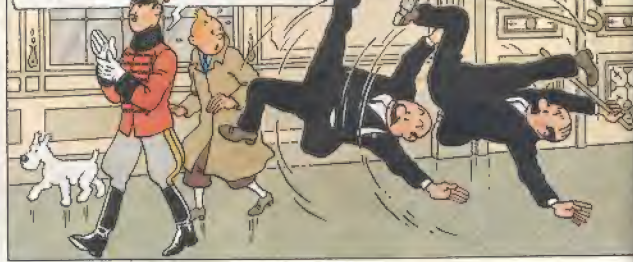


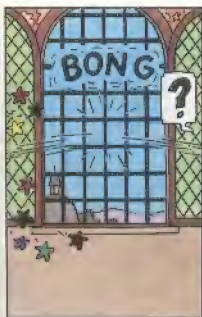
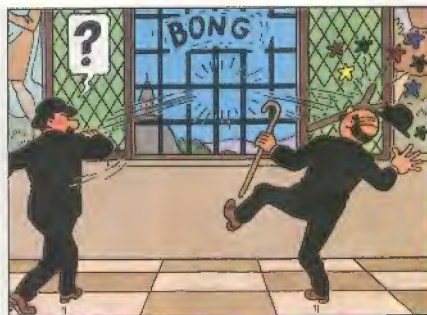
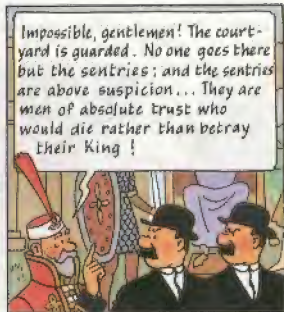
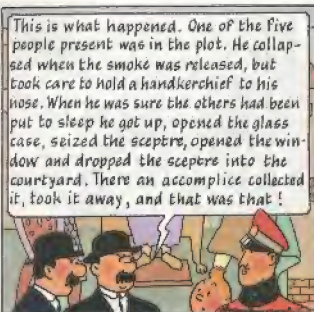
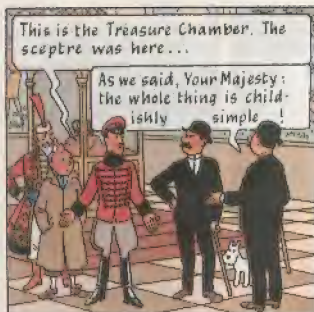
Very well, we'll go!...

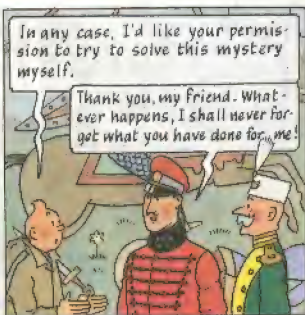
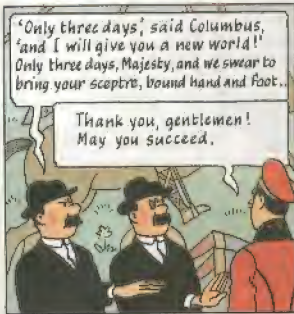
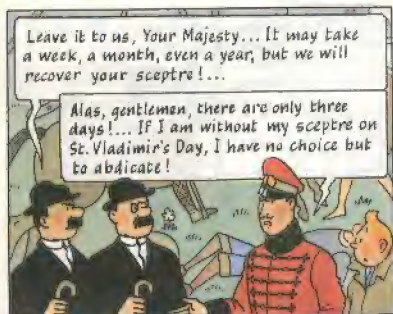
Goodness, they're smarter than I thought!

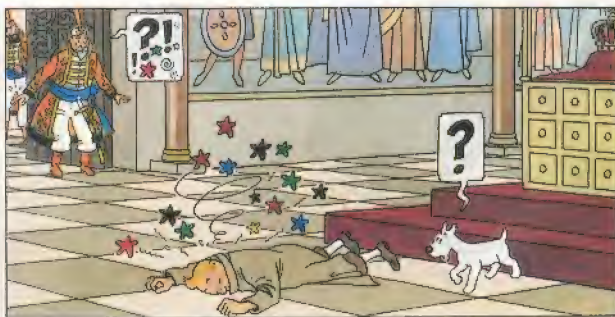
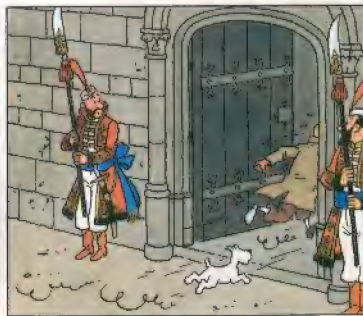
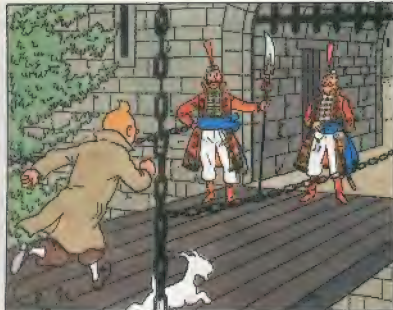


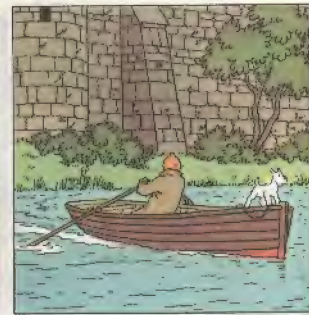
Be careful: the marble is very slippery...



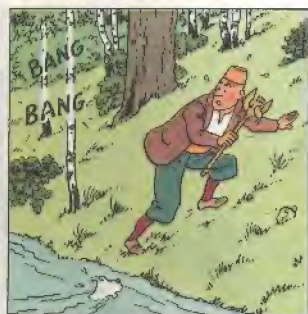
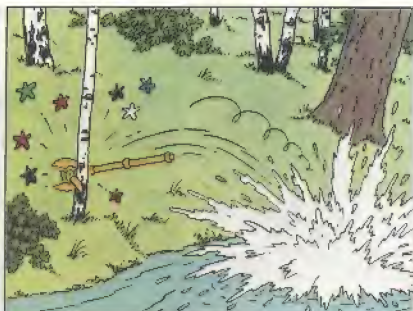


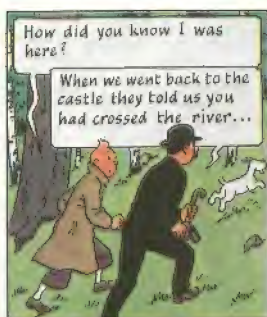












How did you know I was here?

When we went back to the castle they told us you had crossed the river...

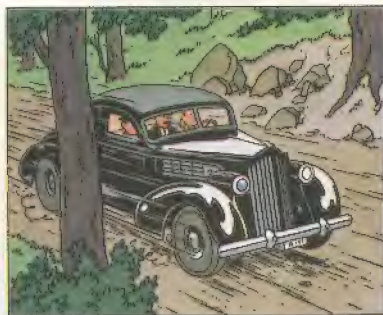


There's the King... They told him, too. He went round by the bridge while we crossed in a boat...

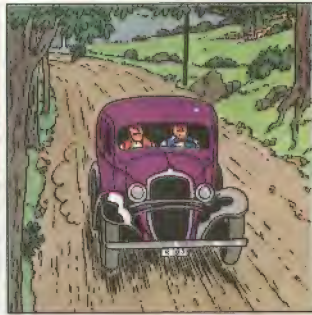


Well, what has happened?...

Those gangsters have got away in a car, with the sceptre! ... If you will lend us your car, Sir, we three will try and catch them...



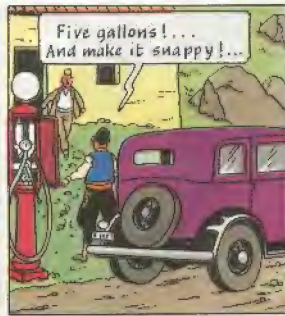
They haven't got much of a start on us... We'll soon catch them up.



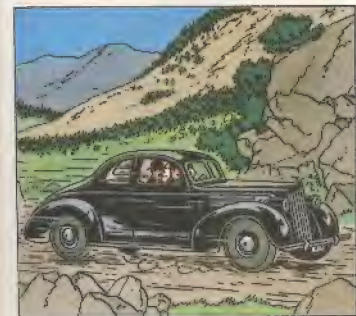
We're almost out of petrol... We'll have to stop at the first pump we come to...



Ah! There's one...



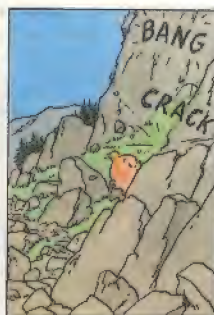
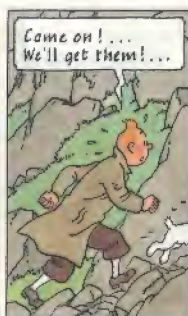
Five gallons!... And make it snappy!...

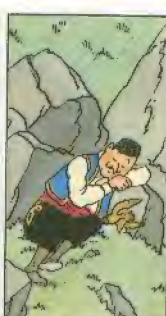
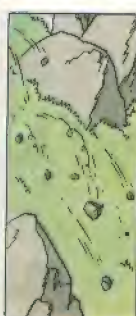


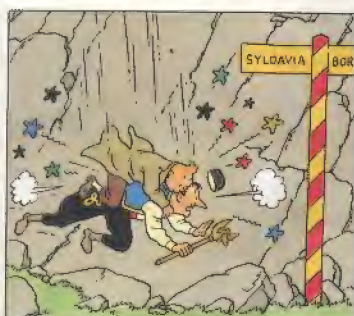
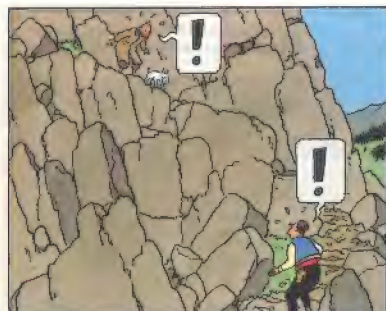
Another twenty miles to the frontier... Good!... In half an hour we shall be clear of Syldavia, and the sceptre will be safe!



The King's car!... They're after us!







One day you'll break your neck with all those acrobatics!...

Let's search him... Ah! Here's his wallet...



?



SECRET

Z. Z. R. K. 1239

To Section Commanders, Shock Troops

SUBJECT: Seizure of Power

I wish to draw your attention to the order in which the operations for seizure of power in Syldavia will take place.

On the eve of St. Vladimir's Day, agents of our propaganda units will foment incidents, and arrange for Bordurian nationalists to be seized up. On St. Vladimir's Day, at 12 o'clock (4-hour), shock troops will seize Radio Klow, the airfield, the gas works and power station, the banks, the general post office, the Royal Palace, Krupow Castle, etc....

In due course, each section commander will receive precise orders concerning his particular mission.

I salute you!

(signed)

Müsstler.

SECRET

Z. Z. R. K. 1240

To Section Commanders, Shock Troops

SUBJECT: Seizure of Power

I wish to remind you that I shall broadcast a call to arms when Radio Klow is in our hands.

Motivated Bordurian troops will then cross into Syldavian territory, to the Danubian Land from the tyranny of King Nishar II!

Following for the people's resistance they may meet with a few fanatical royalist, fascist and certain subversive sections of the populace. The Bordurian troops will arrive in Klow at about 5.0 p.m.

I call upon all members of Z. Z. R. K. to attend until then, with the last drop of their blood, the positions they will have occupied at midday.

I salute you!

(signed)

Müsstler.

There's no time to lose! We must get back to Klow as fast as we can...



Not on foot I hope?

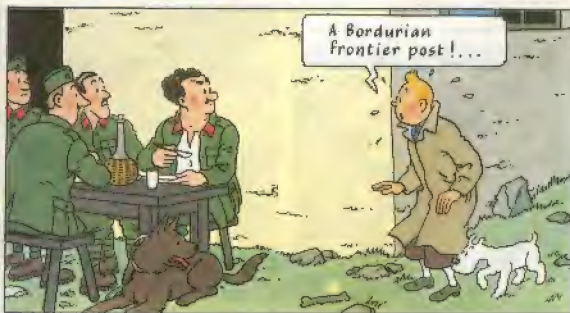
What's the matter with me?



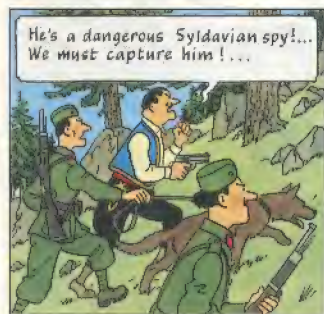
Oh, I know... I haven't eaten anything since yesterday! If only I had some food!



There's a house over there... But it's across the frontier. Can't be helped... I'm too hungry!

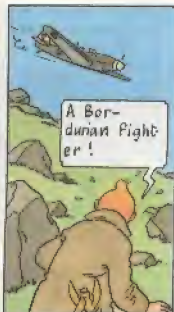


A Bordurian frontier post!...



Next day...

That's two nights in the open... I'm tired out!... If I don't find the way soon I'll never get back in time!



A Bordurian Fighter!



He's lowered his undercarriage... Where's he landing?



?



If I could grab one of those planes I'd be in Klow in less than an hour...



Everything O.K.?

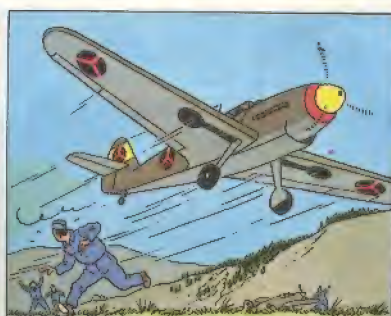
Yes, nothing unusual... just reconnaissance along the frontier.



You know, I've been tipped off that Mustler will give his broadcast at midday tomorrow... And an hour later our squadron will land at Klow.



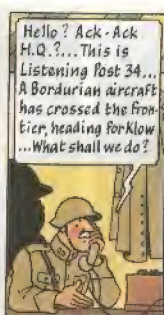
?!*



Flat out for Klow!...



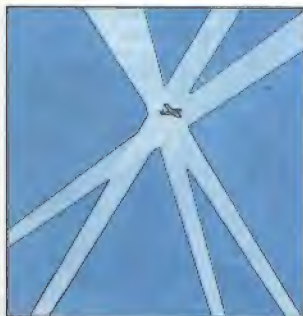
It's getting dark... That's annoying. I shan't be there before nightfall...

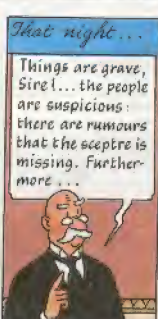
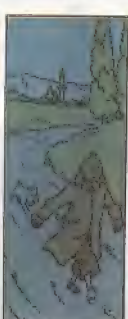


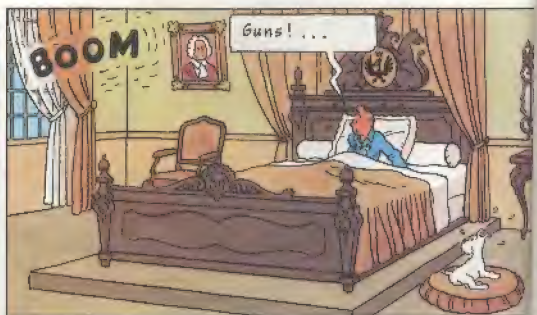
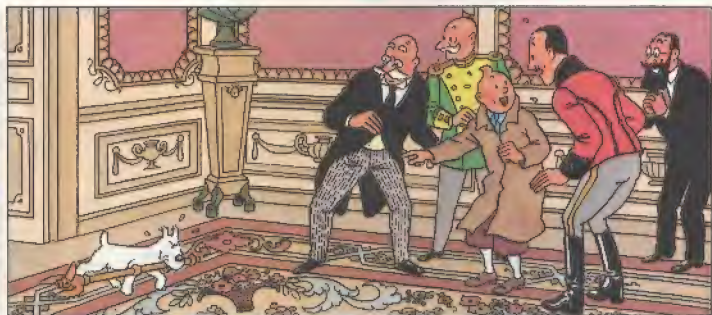
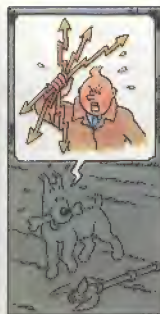
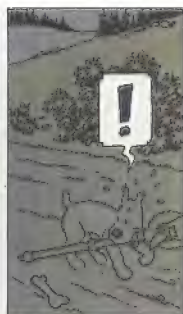
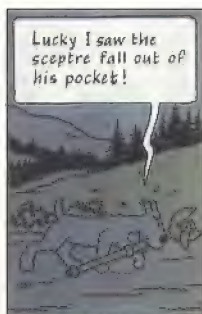
Hello? Ack-Ack H.Q.?... This is Listening Post 34... A Bordurian aircraft has crossed the frontier, heading for Klow... What shall we do?



You have your orders, Lieutenant. Shoot it down!...



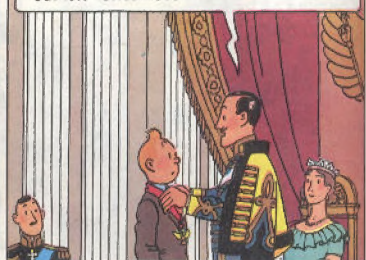




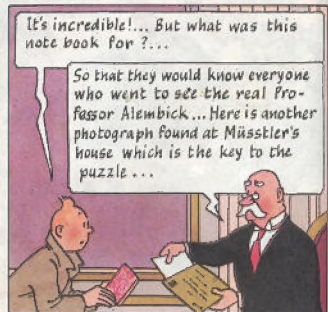
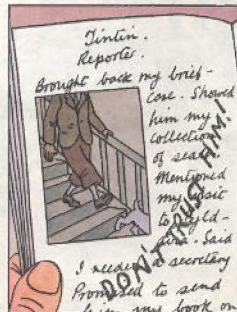
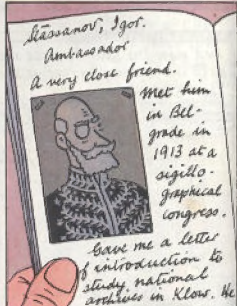
My Lords, Ladies and Gentlemen. Never in our long history has the Order of the Golden Pelican been conferred upon a foreigner. But today with the full agreement of Our ministers, We bestow this high distinction upon Mr. Tintin, to express Our gratitude for the great services he has rendered to Our country.



Tintin, Knight of the Order of the Golden Pelican...



Some days later...

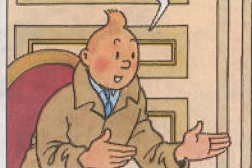




Twins! ... I might have guessed it! ... But what happened to the real professor? ...

Well, I've just read the London newspapers. Listen: 'During a search carried out yesterday in a house occupied by Syldavian nationals, the police found Professor Alembick, the scholar. He had been imprisoned in a cellar for some weeks. He said he had been kidnapped on the eve of his departure for Syldavia, and his passport was taken...'

Now I see it all! First the shouts on the telephone; then the professor not wearing his glasses, and not smoking any more... It explains everything.



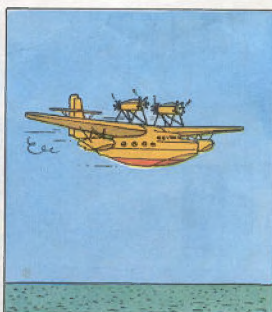
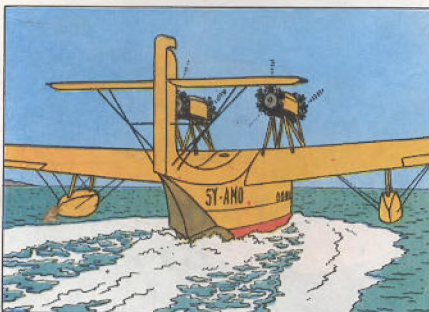
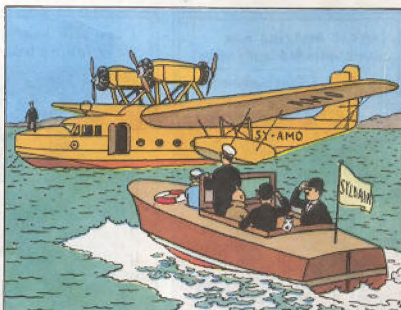
Meanwhile, at Bordurian military headquarters...

... to prove our peaceful intentions, despite the inexplicable attitude of the Syldavians, I have ordered our troops to withdraw fifteen miles from the frontier...



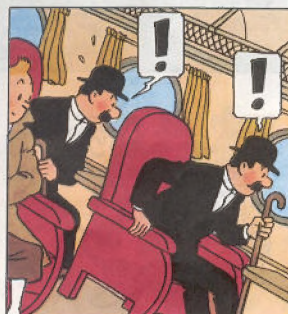
Next day...

In private audience this morning the King received Mr. Tintin, Mr. Thomson and Mr. Thompson, who paid their respects before leaving Syldavia. Afterwards the party left by road for Douma, where they embarked in a flying-boat of the regular Douma-Southampton service...



Some hours later...

Ten past six. We're there...



Goodness, what on earth's happening?...

We're falling into the sea...

